

Leaving

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Leaving by [casstayinmyass](#)

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Summary:

It's time for you to move on from Derry to follow your dream career... Pennywise isn't happy about his human leaving.

Leaving

Author's Note:

Posted on my tumblr originally.

You seal your very last box, and let out a breath. It had taken you this long to pack, close any loose ends, and say goodbye to everyone and everything in Derry. It was always bound to be hard bidding a childhood home farewell— Derry had seen you through a lot, and you had really come into who you are within the walls of the first house you had ever bought here by yourself. You thought at that point you would settle down here, find a partner, and be happy.

That was a clusterfuck of an idea, you can't help but smirk. Of course, it wasn't a complete clusterfuck; growing out of that dream helped you realize that you needed to move to a larger city to pursue your real dream, a dream bigger than what Derry had to offer. But growing up wasn't the only thing that made you realize a normal life was anything but for you.

As if on cue, you hear a faint jingling behind you, and the room begins to smell like a circus. A wistfulness fills you, and you bite your lip. You don't want to turn around.

"You're not leaving."

You suck in another breath, and clench your jaw. You knew this was coming, you just... weren't prepared for it now. You didn't think you ever would be.

You turn slowly, and see the clown standing there in the corner of your living room, eyes wide, hurt, and baby blue. You wince, and turn fully. "Penny, I wanted to tell you, but I was afraid—"

Suddenly, he rushes forward, pinning you to the wall. "You are not leaving," he repeats, eyes now glowing that amber yellow.

"I have to," you gasp out, tugging at the inhumanly strong fingers around your neck, "Penny, I have to, I can't... I can't stay in Derry

forever... *ahh*, fuck—" He finally lets you go with a growl, and you drop, rubbing your neck. "Ow." You look back up at him, and he looks like he's torn between absolutely letting loose then ripping you limb from limb or crying in your arms. "Don't look at me like that."

His eyes fade back to baby blue and drift away from each other, as they do whenever he's trying to appear innocent. "L-like what?" He swallows, blinking a couple of times.

"Don't—" you huff, rolling your eyes, "Don't try to be cute, like a puppy."

"I am not a puppy, (y/n). That would imply you're my owner. You don't own me— I own you." You get chills at his words and the tone he says them in, but the slight drop in register of his voice there never did give you bad chills, per say. You shift slightly under the gaze that he has on you, even though his eyes are barely focused on you at all. You can just sometimes... feel his *entity* staring into you.

"Pennywise, I would stay if I could," you tell him softly, then reconsider this. "Well... I mean, that's not true, nobody's forcing me out of town, but I have to go to pursue my dream. You get that, don't you?" He continues to give you the eyes, shaking his head no, and you throw up your arms. "Well, then you're just being stubborn."

He walks up to you, this time holding you against the wall with his body. Usually in this position, you end up wrapping your legs around his costume and going at it relentlessly until he tires or gets bored with the sensations (which is, like, never), but right now, neither of you are really in the mood.

"I thought you said you'd never forget you're mine," he hisses, adorable buck teeth transforming into razor sharp points. "At least that's what you told me when I was *fucking* you so hard you couldn't breathe. You. *Are*. Mine." You hold your breath as he drags the sharp incisors across your neck, more forming along his mouth, until you grimace, letting out a little cry as he marks you. His tongue darts out to sweep along your jugular vein, a giggle forming low in his throat as he tastes your essence and revels in it. He could very well kill you right now... but you know he won't.

"Listen," you say, sighing and fisting a hand in his orange hair, "I'm sorry."

"Sorry doesn't cut it, little one," he says bluntly, and you scoff, tugging at his hair in frustration.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not a sewer clown that eats children, okay? I actually have to have a life. I can't stay in this stupid little town full of stupid little people all my life!"

He spends a long time looking at you with that split-between-murderous-psychopath-and-huggy-bunny look, until he nods decidedly, half to himself. "I'll come with you. Pennywise will come with you, yes."

"No," you immediately shake your head, "No, I'm moving to New York. You don't even wanna know what's in those sewers—hint, *not* child meat. Well, actually, there very well could be some down there, nobody knows, but it would probably be old and gross and—" You shake your head at what you're saying, and just reach out to touch his white face. "I can't let you come with me, Penny. You have to stay here and eat. You won't find what you need where I'm going... and you can't die just because you wanna follow me."

"But without you, I wouldn't—" he stops, obviously conflicted, but he doesn't have to finish for you to know what he was going to say.

"I'll always be yours," you assure him, untucking the tiny bell from his costume that you kept around your neck at all times and showing him. He seems pleased by this, judging by the drool and little smile he gives, but he still seems destroyed, so you go on. "You're tired. I can tell. You walk slower, you're not as enthusiastic when you touch me anymore. You need your Long Rest, Penny— then you'd be the one leaving me, even if I stayed here."

"I don't need t—"

"Yes you do."

"....If you stay here, I'll give you a balloon," he tries, obviously racking that alien brain of his for every human tactic he could

possibly implement to keep you from going away. “I’ll give you ten balloons! I’ll give you aaaaall the balloons in the world!” He attempts to give his clown-esque grin and laugh with a shake, but this time it comes out wrong and sloppy.

“Penny–”

“If you leave, I’ll kill you,” he states simply, smile dropping and hands twitching in preparation to grow the claws that had left so many scars on your back over the years. Anyone else who would have heard him say that just now would be terrified, but again, you knew your eldritch companion well enough.

“Have some popcorn for me, will you?” you murmur softly, kissing him one last time before trudging past him. You hear the bells, and he’s gone.